

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D; FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO 4.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1808.

N. 994

ALBERT.

A TALE.

Continued.

One from his helm the waving crest divides ;
One thro' his fencing shield the weapon guides,
His visor some, and some his limbs assail,
Each part secur'd in plate and jointed mail.

At one time he advances, again retreats,
And still undaunted grasps at victory. One
seiz'd by the throat, he cast gasping in the
dust; another with nervous arm, directed his
pear against him.

And vainly hop'd the battle ended here :

But he too falls a victim to his temerity. At
length, struck with terror, they relinquish
the unequal contest, and leave him to pursue
new victories.

But now, the night o'ershadowing the field
of battle, the hostile armies are obliged to
separate. Louis regain the city, and Tan-
cred is compelled to yield to the deprivation.

In this state the two armies laid for some
days. They were both so exhausted by the
late contest, that neither seemed to have a
wish for the renewal of it.

One day as Tancred was sitting in his tent,
writing to his beloved daughter, Albert burst-
ed in : " Congratulate yourself, my prince,
(said he) at length our toils are nearly at an
end. A few days hence the banners of Tan-
cred will wave on yon proud walls. In a little
time the tyrant will be humbled, and can no
longer boast of victories."

" Why, my friend, (said Tancred) what
hopes hast thou ?" Albert answered, " Thou
knowest since we have been here, I have
shunned the society of my fellow soldiers,
not from any dislike to them, but that I might
freely indulge my solitary reflections. One
only has been the companion of my rambles.
A similarity of temper, and nearly so of for-
tunes, soon produced an intimacy ; his noble
behaviour to me in our last glorious battle,
where the son of Louis yielded his haughty
breath, won my esteem and my confidence ;
ever since we have been as brothers."

" In our walk yesterday, being oppressed
by the heat of the day, we searched for some
friendly shade to secure us from the scorching
rays of the sun. In our search we discover-
ed a cave, the mouth of which was nearly
choaked by the abundance of briars and bushes
that were growing about it. Nevertheless
we forced our way into it. It extended back
to some distance. We pursued it until we ar-
rived at its termination, which was, as Rinal-
do judged, in the vaults of your palace."

" Now you mention it, (returned Tancred) I
remember hearing from an old domestic, that
such a passage had been constructed a long
time ago, but it had entirely escaped my me-
mory." " To morrow, if you will allow me,
(said Albert) whilst you make an attack on
the city, Rinaldo and myself, accompanied
by a small but determined band, will force

our way, and before the setting sun, your
friends shall again be in possession of their
rights." Tancred having assented to this,
Albert withdrew to choose his companions.

On the following day, accompanied by
forty of the bravest knights in the army, they
essay'd forth,

Obscure they went, thro' dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions.

Upon their arrival at the trap door which
communicated to the upper rooms. Albert
and Rinaldo instantly leapt up, immediately
the door was thrown down with great vio-
lence, and they found themselves surrounded
by a large party of armed men. Drawing
their swords, the two friends rushed upon
them ; overpowered by numbers, they were
obliged to yield, but not before they had im-
molated a great number of their enemies.

Louis had employed a spy in the camp of
Tancred, who had overheard the conversa-
tion between him and Albert, and had ad-
vised Louis of it in the evening ; thus he was
enabled to defeat the too sanguine hopes of
our youthful hero.

Tancred upon making the assault as pre-
concerted, found (contrary to his expectation)
that Louis took no further notice of it than
merely planting some cannon on the walls to
prevent him from effecting an entrance. Af-
ter exerting himself to the utmost, he found it
impossible either to gain an entrance into the
city, or to draw the enemy from it. Stung
with mortification, he was obliged to return
to his camp, where he remained the whole
day in the most agonizing suspense, on ac-
count of the absence of his young friend. On
the following day he received a letter from his
enemy :

" Your base and cowardly attempt has fail-
ed. The miscreants who so far disgraced the
noble institution of Chivalry, and the sacred
name of Knights, are in my power, and they
shall feel it, if the siege be not raised. I give
you three days to consider—if at the end of that
period, you do not consent, your base hire-
lings shall be decapitated, and yourself, ren-
dered debile by this, will be an easy conquest.
I know these knights are your chief support.
But if, on the contrary, you consent, I will
leave you in quiet possession of all your rights,
excepting, only that you shall be feudatory to
me. Thus will I satisfy my resentment against
the brother of Julia. LOUIS."

The heart of Tancred boiled with indig-
nation at this infamous instance of the rancour
of the friend of his youth. He determined
to reject the proposals of his malicious enemy.
He was strengthened in this resolution by the
herald : " I knew Rinaldo, (said he) his fa-
ther was to me a benefactor, and I felt glad
at being able in any manner to requite his
kindness. Our prince has become so exhaust-
ed by his long absence from home, and his
soldiers beginning to mutiny on every side,
he will, I know, be glad to make a peace on

any terms, for he cannot stand the siege many
days. By his orders I communicated the
contents of the letter, you have just received,
to the two friends. Without a moment's he-
sitation, they both exclaimed, that they
would sooner suffer death, than that you should
submit to such offers : They would never live
at the expence of your honour." I further
told them, that my master wished them to
second his offers with their influence ; they
were both very much enraged at the insult,
but gave me this letter.

" TANCRED !

" Spurn the offers of the base tyrant ;
we will willingly lay down our lives, rather
than suffer you to become tributary to the vil-
laneous seducer of our master, and our friend.

" ALBERT.

" RINALDO."

Tancred concluded to send for assistance
to his friend Salmaria, who, he knew would
promptly give it for the succour of his son.

" Your nobleson," (said he, in his letter)
is now a prisoner to Louis ; his life was offer-
ed to him on condition that he would exert his
influence with me to become tributary to
Louis, but he generously treated the proposi-
tion with scorn ; nay, even advised me to per-
secute the siege, although he knew it would
be at the expence of his life. A truce of
three days is agreed upon ; send me assistance,
or he must perish without your help."

Towards the close of the second day, Sal-
maria himself, accompanied by most of the
knights of his court, arrived. Salmaria had
informed them of the connection between
Albert and himself, and they all earnestly en-
treated that they might be suffered to give
their assistance ; many of those who had been
defeated by him at the joust were of the
number ; so much had they been charmed
with his conduct, during his short stay among
them.

Although they were much fatigued by the
forced march they had made, yet the impa-
tience of Salmaria was not to be curbed. Al-
though on the verge of three score, he deter-
mined once more to put on his armour to save
his beloved son.

Now behold the army drawn out—impa-
tient of controul, crying out, " Lead us to
the battle. Let us save our idol. Let us
punish the tyrant !"

Behold Salmaria !

— He, above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stands like a tower.

He exhorts them by all the love they ever
bore to him ; by the sacred banner under
which they fought, and by the oaths they had
taken, to fight valiantly and courageously as
became all true and loyal knights.

But O ! my muse, what numbers wilt thou find,
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd.

To be Concluded in our next.

ANECDOTES:

Not long since Mr. —, from Connecticut, being on his way to the westward, was stopped in New York state, on Sunday by a miserly Dutchman, invested with civil authority. Mr. B. in vain pleaded the necessity of pursuing his journey unmolested. At length taking a five dollar bill from his pocket book, sir, said he, this is at your service, on condition you will give me a pass. After a few minutes pause, this mercenary character replied—“Yes I will give you one pass for five dollars; you may write de pass and I will make my mark. Mr. B. accordingly sat down, and drew an order on a merchant in town for 50 dollars in cash, and 50 dollars worth of goods, with the Dutch signature; and takes his leave with your humble servant. Calls on the merchant who cheerfully loaned 50 dollars with the idea of fifty per cent interest on his goods. Soon after the merchant calls on our noble Dutchman for the balance of the order; at which he started and exclaimed, “Mine Got I owe you noting, ize gif no order on you! If ize vant any ting in your store, you know ize cot moneys and always pay.” The merchant produced the order, and on seeing his mark, his honor exclaimed, “Tis dat sheating Yackee pass!” He however, found himself reluctantly obliged to cancel the demand, swearing, “Dat if I could catch de sheating rascal, I wool gif him von horse lickin.”

When the Lord Jeffries, before he was judge, was pleading at the bar once, a country fellow giving evidence against his client, pushed the matter very home on the side he swore of. Jeffries, after his usual way, called out to the fellow. “Hark you, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what have you for swearing?” To which the countryman smartly replied, “Faith, Sir, if you had no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might even wear a leathern doublet too.”

THERE was some years since at Oxford six physicians, thus peculiarly circumstanced—The breath and feet of the two first did not exhale “the odours of Arabia;” the third was remarkable lean; two others were turbulent and quarrelsome; and the last was supposed to be an Ignoramus in his profession.—The Collegians in consequence, gave them the respective titles of “Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Battle, Murder, and sudden Death!”

An unfaithful servant—a smookey chimney—a stumbling horse—a scolding woman—an aching tooth—an empty purse—an undutiful child—corns on the toes—an incessant talker—bogs that break through enclosures—a dull razor and pimpled face—a butting ram—a bull that gores—mosquitoes in a bed-room—are universally allowed to be very bad things.

HOW TO SMELL A RAT.

An old man and a dashing young one conversing, the youth, to shew his penetration and discernment in the subject they were talking about, said he could smell a rat as far as any body. “So I should suppose,” cried the old man, “by your whiskers.”

FROM THE FRENCH.

L'ANN; OR, THE YEAR.

January.
Lo! my fair, the morning lazy,
Peeps abroad from yonder hill;
Phœbus rises red and hazy,
Frost has stopp'd the village mill.

February.
All around looks sad and dreary,
Fast the flaky snow descends—
Yet the reed-breast chirrup cheery,
While the mitten'd lass attends.

March.
Rise the winds and rock the cottage,
Thaws the roof and wets the path;
Doreus cooks the savoury pottage,
Smokes the cake upon the hearth.

April.
Sunshine intermits with ardor;
Shades fly swiftly o'er the fields:
Showers revive the drooping verdure,
Sweets the sunny upland yields.

May.
Pearly beams the eye of morning;
Child! forbear the deed unblest'd—
Hawthorn every hedge adorning,
Pluck the flowers, but spare the nest.

June.
School boys in the brook disporting,
Spend the sunny hour of play;
While the nymphs and swains are courting,
Seated on the new made hay.

July.
Maids with each a gaudy lover,
While the vivid lightning flies,
Hastening to the nearest cover,
Clasp their hands before their eyes!

August.
See the reapers, gleaming, dining,
Seated on the shady grass!
O'er the gate the squire reclining,
Wanton eyes each rudy lass.

September.
Hark! a sound like distant thunder,
Murderer, may thy malice fail!
Torn from all thy love asunder,
Widow'd birds around us wail.

October.
Now Pomona puffs her treasure,
Leaves autumnal strew the ground:
Plenty crowns the market measure,
While the mill runs brightly round.

November.
Now the giddy rites of Comus
Crown the hunter's dear delight:
Ah! the year is flitting from us,
Bleak the day and drear the night.

December.
Bring more wood, and set the glasses;
Join, my friends, our Christmas cheer—
Come—a catch! and kiss the lasses,
Christmas comes but once a year.

*Original Epitaph, lately discovered upon a
Grave Stone in a Country Church Yard.*

Beneath these stones
Rests the dry bones
Of Thomas Jones—
Friends make your moans,
But vain are moans,
Or tears or groans,
To raise the stones
Where rest the bones
Of poor Tom Jones!

For the Weekly Museum.

ON CELIA.

No female more beauties than Celia can boast,
Mid the circles of fashion, of men the gay
toast
And whether to church or the play-house she
She is always beset with a number of beaux.

Her neck as the lily of summer is fair,
Her teeth with the ivory of Afric compare—
Than her cheeks not the rose boasts a livelier
red.

But let Celia be wash'd, and her beauty is fled.

ANECDOTES.

A country manager some years since, had brought out the spectacle of Don Juan, and by way of improvement, intended to bring the ghost in the banquet scene, through a trap instead of his walking on in the usual manner; but as the boards of the stage were laid on the earth, he was at the trouble to cut a hole, and dig the ground out four feet deep, and made a sliding trap, which drew off by a communication behind the scenes. All was prepared before it was remembered that the ghost must unavoidably be deposited in his new dwelling twenty minutes prior to the time of his appearance—the greater part of the farce being played with the stage open. He was accordingly put down—the farce went on—the moment arrived—slide drawn off, but no ghost appeared. The manager called—no answer—curtain dropped—and there lay the ghost in a state of insensibility and suffocation. Audience made a confused noise, and Scaramouch was sent forward with the following apology: “Ladies and gentlemen, I am deputed by the manager, Mr. O. to account to you for this delay—the ghost is dead—we are doing all we can to revive him, but if we fail, the manager will make a ghost of every man in the theatre before you shall be disappointed.”

THE JEW AND THE CHRISTIAN.

A Jew and a Christian were conversing familiarly by the side of a well, when the former happened to fall in without receiving much hurt, and the Christian flew for a ladder to help him out. As he was eagerly endeavouring to put it down into the well, it is not worth while, says the Jew, I'll make no use of your ladder—to day is Saturday. He remained therefore up to the chin in water till next morning, when his friend came to know how he had fared during so cold a night. The ladder! the ladder! (cries the Jew) for the love of God bring back the ladder! Heaven forbid! (replies the Christian) to day is Sunday.

FAIR PLAY,

DURING the last war in Germany, there was an officer much more distinguished for his execution at table than any in the field. Whenever any thing scarce or nice was brought to dinner, it was with difficulty his brother officers could partake. Finding all hints of his ill manners ineffectual, they had recourse to the following scheme. It being a custom with the officers, on account of the weather, to dine, bask-headed; one day, when a fine turtle was brought to table, the company procured a black boy, who usually attended behind his chair, to strew a little pounded sugar now and then upon the crown of his head, which presently caking by means of the sun, the flies came in swarms to feed on it, and gave him continual employment, for as soon as he had buffeted them away, the plaguy insects returned again to their luscious banquet! This witty device was practised with the desired success till the end of the campaign.

For the Weekly Museum.

To E. P. R. and H. B. O.

Accept dear Girls my wish sincere,
May every bliss attend you,
May this one prove a happy year,
And angels kind befriend you.

May social bliss and glad some days,
Attend your life a fair morning,
With sunshines mild unclouded rays,
Your flow'ry paths adorning.

If intervening clouds obscure,
May they disperse and brighten,
And future pleasing prospects sure,
Each present pleasure brighten.

May heaven in each succeeding year,
Grant all your wants and wishes,
And joy and friendship tend to cheer
With laughing loves and blisses.

And if that self-will'd thing call'd MAX,
In kind mood e'er can find you,
May he persuade you if he can,
And Hymen's chains fast bind you.

While lovers wreaths and silken chains,
Your hands and hearts entwining,
May virtue still that heart retain,
And love be ne'er declining.

May you my friends these blessings prove,
'And may your life pass cheerily,'
Adieu dear Girls, ne'er cease to love,
One who loves you sincerely.

M . . .

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A gentleman had trained his dog to several domestic functions, and among others, to carry meat on his butcher in a basket hung round his neck. One morning coming home with his load, he was attacked by several stout dogs. He set the basket down, and sustained the combat with extraordinary prowess for a long while. At last being unable to defend his charge, he fell to and swallowed with amazing voracity, finding this the only expedient to disappoint the robbers.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 5, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 40 persons (of whom 12 were men, 8 women, 14 boys and 5 girls) during the week ending on Saturday. Of consumption 11, convulsions 3, croup 1, bilious 1, decay 1, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 2, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 3, measles 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, measles 3, old age 2, palsy 1, curisy 3, still-born 1, sudden death 1, and 1 of arms.

On Saturday morning last a Fire broke out in the house No. 105 Maiden lane, occupied by Mr. Alexander Newland, grocer; the inside of which, with all the goods and furniture, were destroyed.

The fire was discovered by a watchman passing out of the front door; and the family soon after presented themselves at the windows, having no other way to escape, the house being in flames. Mr. and Mrs. Newland with two children, slid down into the

street from the 2d story window, on a barber's pole that had been placed against the house for the purpose. At the 3d story windows were a captain of a vessel (a boarder) Mr. Newland's clerk, servant maid, and another of Mr. N's children; and, after some time, a ladder was raised, and a sailor boy immediately ascending, heroically snatched the child from the flames, and brought it down in safety. The girl followed, but missing a step fell the distance of about 15 feet, but was not much hurt. The others got down safe. A boarder leapt from the top of the burning house to an adjoining one, and was Providentially saved.

The back of the house No. 107, occupied by Mr. Deforest as a hardware store, was considerably damaged.

Most of the above property, we are informed, was insured. [N. Y. Gaz.]

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

Mr. Cushing,

I have lately perused part of an original work, entitled "Stranger in New England." It is composed of a motley group of eccentric descriptions of the author's adventures; the manners and customs of the inhabitants, &c. I will furnish you an extract, which you are at liberty to publish.

Put money in thy purse.

"As few authors have ever lived till after they were dead, so few escape the 'whips and scorns of outrageous fortune' while living. Although I have no hopes of living in this world as an author after I am dead, yet I wish to live while I am alive. Many instances occurred where benevolence has flown from a pure fount, but more from the idea of remuneration.

"But put money in thy purse." A flashy dress will command respect for a monkey; and he who knows not an O from auger hole, will be extolled for his wit—whilst the poor driveller of an author must be set at a side table, because he chanceth not to appear in so genteel a dress as the gentleman. I will exemplify this observation by a short anecdote.

Arriving at a little village, and wishing to obtain lodging for a few days, I called at the first public house that I saw. It to be sure, had the liberty of sitting down after receiving a gaze of a few moments. "Have you a horse?" says the ostler, who was the only one that spoke. "No; I am a pedestrian." "Why, what country is that?" By this time the company, who were seated at breakfast, and consisted of a barber, a retailer of rum and tobacco, a merchant's clerk, and mine hostess, (all genteely dressed) cast their eyes on the pedestrian. Mine hostess gave the wink for a quiz, and the clerk begun. "Pray Sir, where is this pedestrian country?" It belongs to Antipodes was the answer. Having never heard of such people, the wag forced a laugh to cover his chagrin. The landlady, however, was more inquisitive to find out the place of my nativity; and answering only evasively, the barber gave it as his opinion, that the pedestrian country lay in some part of Spain; but the vender of rum and tobacco bluntly contradicted him, by saying he knew the place very well, for it was in Massachusetts.

"The Landlady kindly ordered a table to be set in an outer room, and I was very glad to be by myself.

"I would advise every stranger, whatever his mode may be, to put something on the outside."

COURT OF HYMEN

HAIL, noblest union! see the happy pair,
With mutual raptures join their blissful hands.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening 20th inst Isaac Van Wyck, Esqr to Mrs Brinckhoff, widow of the late Col. Brinckhoff, an of Frankl, Dutchess County.

On the 17th January, by Squire Crawford, Mr Hunt Purdy to Miss Esther Williams.

On 24th of February, by the Rev Mr Strelbeck, Mr Charles Luderwick, jun to Miss Lydia Drace.

On Saturday by the Rev Mr Fountain, Mr James Veal to Miss Mary Van Wert.

On the 2d inst by Squire Crawford, Captain Gilbert Davis to Miss Deborah Fowler, late of Digby, Nova Scotia.

In Norwalk on Thursday last, Colonel Buckingham to Miss Mary St John, both of that place.

MORTALITY.

DEATH levels all—when now he bends his bow,
And none of us can tell which first must go!

DIED.

On Thursday afternoon, after a long and painful illness, which he sustained with much patience and resignation, Nathaniel Gardener,igger, aged 40 years.

TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved plans, in the very best manner, at moderate prices by J Greenwood, Artist in the Line Dental, No. 14 V-sey street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

JUST PUBLISHED.

and for sale by M. Harrison, 3 Peck slip,
THE LAT OF AN IRISH HARP,

OR,
METRICAL FRAGMENTS,
BY MISS OWENSON.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for sale at this office,
THE DISCARDED SON

OR THE
HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTI,
by Maria Regina Roche.

DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will discharge without destroying the Linen, for sale at this office.

To Landlords and Tenants.

The season for renting Houses is now approaching, the owners of Houses and stores are respectfully informed that books are open at the house register office, 101 Water street, where they can have their property recorded, to let or sell, at the small expense of one dollar each.

The records are always free for the inspection of tenants; and persons wishing to hire or buy all tenements, &c. entered at the Office, will be fairly described, and every information given as to situation, size, convenience, price, &c. Such owners as have tenements, &c. not occupied, and at a distance from their residence, will find their advantage in having the keys at the office, where a person will always be ready to go and show the premises.

Gentlemen having Country seats or Farms, may have maps, &c. neatly executed by a skilful draughtsman, who has engaged for that purpose. And the maps will be conspicuously arranged in the Office for the inspection of the public. Money will be procured on mortgages and deposits. Any gentleman, or company, having a surplus capital, may make an advantageous arrangement with the Register office for the use of money, which will always be secured by real estate deposit of merchandise. Jan 12 1811.

COURT OF APOLLO

From an English paper.

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEPER,

(Founded on Fact.)

BY MR. UPTON.

'Twas a keen frosty morn and the snow heavy falling,
When a child of Misfortune was thus sadly calling:
"Sweep, sweep—I am cold and the snow very deep,
O, pray, take compassion on poor little Sweep!"
Sweep chimney, sweep."

The tears down his cheeks in large drops were fast
rolling,
Unnotic'd, usip'd, by those by him strolling.
Who frequently warn'd him at distance to keep,
While he cried—"Take compassion on poor little
Sweep!"
Sweep chimney, sweep."

In vain he implored passing strangers for pity,
They smil'd at his plaints, and that banter'd his ditty.
Humanity's offspring as yet lay asleep,
Nor heard the sad wailings of poor little Sweep!
"Sweep chimney, sweep."

At the step of a door, half froze and dejected [ed,
He sat down—and griev'd to be shunn'd and neglect.
When a kind-hearted damsel by chance saw him weep,
And resolv'd to befriend, yes, the poor little Sweep!
"Sweep chimney, sweep."

Unmindful of sneers, to a neighbour's she led him,
Warm'd his limbs by the fire and tenderly fed him;
And oh! what delight did this fair maiden reap,
When she found a lost brother in poor little Sweep!
"Sweep chimney, sweep."

With rapture she gas'd on each black sooty feature,
And hugg'd to her bosom the foul-smelling creature,
Who, sav'd by a sister, no longer need creep
Through lanes, courts and alleys, a poor little Sweep!
"Sweep chimney, sweep."

NUPTIAL SONG.

Addressed to those of our Fair Readers, who are,
or who wish to be, enlisted under the banners of
General Hymen.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die, as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed, like your favourite guitar,
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft, from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play on too much.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command;
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humer'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.

THE MORALIST.

The sublimely simple and comprehensive precept
of christianity, "Do unto all men as you would
they should do unto you," leads the moralist to
compress the various tenets of his doctrine, into
"Behave unto all men as you would they should
behave unto you." The ambitious, the covetous,
the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the
glutton, are all lost in the character of the well bred
man. Or, if nature should now and then venture
to peep forth, she withdraws in an instant, and does
not show enough of herself to become disgusting.
The Abbe Bellegarde justly tells us, "Ill breeding
is not a single defect. It is the result of many. It
is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a
stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving
to others the attention due to them; it is a peevish
malignity, which inclines us to oppose the inclina-
tion of those with whom we converse. It is the con-
sequence of a foolish vanity which has no complaisance
for any other person. The effect of a proud and
whimsical humor, which soars above all the rules of
civility: or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy
turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and
diminishing behaviour."

MRS. TODD.

No 92 Liberty-Street, respectfully informs her
friends and the public in general, that she has just
received, and is now opening an elegant assortment
of India and Scotch Muslins, viz.
Fancy gown Patterns
Fine plain, laced and nanook muslins
Worked and dotted mull muslins
Gold and silver worked turbans; kid shoes
Scotch elegant sewed and tambooured mull and lens
robes
Fancy short dresses, Fracks
Also, gunpowder, imperial, hyson and souchong
teas, of the very best quality.
December 19

THE SUBSCRIBER,

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language
Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his a-
cademy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of Wil-
liam street, where he exercises his profession.
Pupils for the French Language are attended at
such hours of the day or evening as may suit their
convenience.

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